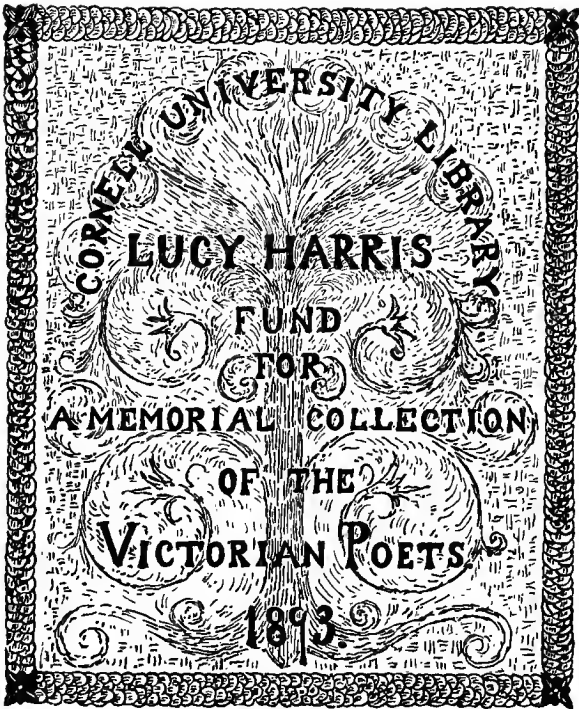


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IRN ET TEBRID  
BY JOHN PAYNE.



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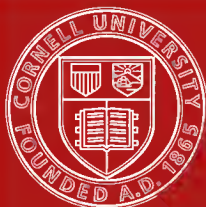
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THE  
QUATRAINS  
OF  
IBN ET TEFRID.



# THE QUATRAINS OF IBN ET TEFRID

By JOHN PAYNE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY  
THOMAS WRIGHT

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF JOHN PAYNE," ETC.

SECOND EDITION.

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THE JOHN PAYNE SOCIETY.

SECRETARY :--MR. THOMAS WRIGHT, OLNEY, BUCKS.

1921.





THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

TO

A. W.



## INTRODUCTION.

Payne printed the First Edition of *Ibn 'et Tefrid* privately in the spring of 1908, and when I called on him on 30th July of that year he read it to me. In some of the quatrains FitzGerald is girded at, and in others the Deity is referred to after the fashion of the most daring of the old Persian poets. I begged that these passages might be omitted. Some correspondence as described on pp 218 and 119 of my *Life of John Payne* passed between us, and eventually Payne printed a second edition, a copy of which he gave me 26th August, 1910. I found that he had, in compliance with my request, omitted the quatrains relating to FitzGerald, but he still retained q. 117 (2nd Ed. q. 109). and some other lines which I had urged him to omit or modify. Although he had at first defended with acerbity his earlier effort he subsequently came to regard it differently and to prefer the altered copy. The present version is the 2nd Edition—that is to say the version which Payne wished to give to the public. The biography of the mythical Ibn et Tefrid—for no such person ever existed—is by Payne and the footnotes also are his.

Quatrain 109 may be compared with two lines in FitzGerald's quatrain 81 (4th Ed.)

“ For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man  
Is blackened, Man's forgiveness give—and take ! ”

which, as Mr. Heron-Allen tells us, are founded on passages in the *Mantik-ut-Tair* of Ferid-ud-din Attar, a

poet who died in 1230, about a hundred years after the death of Omar Kheyyam.‡ If some other resemblances be noticed between Payne's *Ibn et Tefrid* and FitzGerald's masterpiece (into which were introduced ideas not only from Omar Kheyyam, but also from a number of other writers) it must be borne in mind that the poets laid the same originals under contribution, and also that Payne far surpassed FitzGerald both as a Persian scholar and as an authority on Persian literature. Payne's poem, then, like FitzGerald's, is a presentment of the ideas of the more audacious of the free-thinking poets of Ancient Persia. Long before writing *Ibn et Tefrid* Payne had translated the whole of Omar Kheyyam and the whole of Hafiz—that is to say he had performed two of the most stupendous tasks in the way of translation that ever scholar attempted. Of his other gigantic achievements I have spoken elsewhere.

THOMAS WRIGHT.

Cowper School,  
Olney, Bucks.

1st June, 1921.

‡ I use Payne's spelling of this word.

THE QUATRAINS OF IBN ET TEFRID  
DEMAWENDI.

Ghiyatheddin Mohammed Ibn et Tefrid, the author of the ensuing quatrains was born in 1830 at Demawend, near Teheran in Persian Irak, where his father practised as a physician. His ancestors appear to have been natives of Nishapour in Khorasan, the birthplace of the poet Umr Kheyyam, whose "front" name (Ghiyatheddin) was bestowed upon the newborn child, in token of remembrance. The youth early showed an inclination to literary pursuits and after some vicissitudes, became a member of the editorial staff of a Tihrani newspaper, in connection with which he remained till 1902, when he retired to Gulhek, the wellknown British settlement and summer resort at the foot of the Demawend hills, and there died in 1905. He appears, notwithstanding the quasi-public nature of his professional avocations, to have led a very secluded life and is generally supposed to have committed many poems and essays to paper; but his literary remains, so far as they have yet come to light, consist only of a few scattered essays and of the little book of quatrains here (with some exceptions) rendered into English. These latter are removed from the ordinary run of Persian Rubaï literature by the fact (1) that they are written, not in the traditional form familiarized by Kheyyam and Abou Saïd, but in one apparently adapted from the modern Turkish poets of the Romantic School, a form which, if perhaps not altogether equal in grace and stateliness to that used by the older quatrainists, has a charm of its own, beside the characteristic merit of insistence upon

the utmost possible concision of thought and diction :\* and (2) that they are almost entirely free from the note of pococurantist Epicureanism which characterizes Persian literature of the dithyrambic school, such traces of the the carpe diem, wine and women philosophy of his predecessors as are to be found in his verse having been manifestly introduced by our author as conventional embellishments, for the sake of their sheer antiquity of precedent. But it is plain that the mind of the modern writer is set upon other things. To say nothing of the evidence to be found in the quatrains of his acquaintance with that Vedantist philosophy which has, through various channels, so widely infiltrated modern Persian thought, it is manifest that the iron of modernity has entered deeply into his soul and that the resulting gangrene has outgrown and rejected the superannuated remedies which sufficed to a simpler and less sophisticated age. A freethinking Tory of the old school, Ibn et Tefrid, whilst asserting to the utmost, with his twelfth century predecessor, the right of the wise and just to refuse to be deluded by the gross inventions of priestcraft and the fables of effete scholasticism, was manifestly bitterly distrustful of the disintegrating tendencies of modern Liberalism, tendencies which are slowly but

\* Another formal peculiarity of our poet's work (and one which should render it more acceptable to the modern European public) is the absence of the *Redif* or invariable refrain forming an integral part of each rhyming line, a feature which is peculiar to Persian verse and which not only presents an almost insuperable difficulty to the conscientious translator, but exposes him to the wrath of the slothful and sluggish-witted general reader of our Democratic days, exasperated at being confronted with an unfamiliar metrical form.

surely overcoming the far-niente nonchalance, the fatalist vis inertiae of Oriental society, and does not hesitate, on every suitable occasion, to express his complete disapproval of the current political juggle, according to which the élite of mankind are to be overruled and oppressed by (or rather in the name of) a brute majority, for the benefit of a small minority of heartless charlatans and intriguers. This combination of an ultra-modern outlook upon society in general with a passionate love for Nature and a contempt for the goods and prizes of the struggle for existence which bespeaks a simple and unspoiled character, as of one who has kept himself "unspotted from the world," added to an antique form of expression and a quaint picturesqueness of colouring, derived from traditional sources, gives his quatrains an originality of their own; they have a note of fin-de-siècle modernity, an up-to-date fierceness of protest against the faulty general scheme of things create, which stands out in piquant contrast to the old-world simplicity of their imagery and diction. Our poet appears to have had some acquaintance with Western languages, notably French and English, and to have taken no little interest in European literature. His intercourse with the considerable European settlement at Teheran and the vicinity and his long experience as paste-and-scissors Editor of the Tihrani Telegraph will account for the familiarity which he shows with the current political and general commonplaces of English and French society, many of which he doubtless gleaned from the "exchanges," with which it was his professional duty to deal.

The translator has not thought fit to meddle with the original ordinance of the quatrains or to undertake the difficult and delicate task of arranging them in any definite sequence, other than the "nice derangement," the "go-as-you-please" medley, from the habit of which the Oriental mind has not yet been weaned by contact with European ideas of method; so that they follow each other, as in Kheyyam, at random, without regard to sequence of idea or affinity of subject, although, in some instances, (e.g. the "Women" group and the concluding quatrains) the author appears to have made some effort to preserve a continuity of thought. But to endeavour to compel an Oriental work of imagination into conformity with European ideas of style and arrangement were to risk the ruin of the savour and colour of captivating (if, perhaps, somewhat barbaric) individuality, which forms the chief charm of such exotic compositions. For those who care to know a Persian poet, in his habit as he lived, here he is: God forbid that we should attempt to make a Frank of him!

Here stands he, to take or refuse him:

The dress which he wears is his own:

Who will, let him take him and use him!

Who will, let him leave him alone!

والسلام

[ IN PEACE. ]

NOTE TO READER.

Contrary to my first intention, I have added a few footnotes. They are in brackets. The rest are Payne's.

THOMAS WRIGHT.



## QUATRAINS.

1.

But tokens are kiss and caress of Love's treasure  
 Divine :  
 On cup, says Nejati,\* we count not for pleasure,  
 But wine.

\* *Nejati*, a Turkish poet of the Sixteenth Century.

2.

His forehead, who drunk with Life's wine of delight is,  
 Foresaith †  
 The headache which fated to follow the night is  
 Of death.

The Easterns believe that each man's destiny is written  
 on his forehead. [†Predicts.]

3.

You deem that Life's virtues with Death are expended  
 And sins.  
 Fools, Life is a circle, that still, where it's ended,  
 Begins.

4.

I've always accounted this earth, where we languish,  
 For Hell :  
 It answers the picture of it and its anguish  
 So well.

14

5.

The fool says, "I fear not;" the dolt says, "I dare not,"  
And sighs :  
He only who, living his life, says "I care not,"  
Is wise.

6.

Each bird bows his head, when he's finished with nesting,  
For sleep ;  
But where is the man who Hope's harvest of resting  
Can reap ?

7.

If life is a slumber, what follows the waking ?  
You ask.  
Go question the wine, friend, what comes of its breaking  
The cask.

8.

What Life is or Death is, there's neither you know it  
Nor I :  
But sage knows and fool knows that pedlar and poet  
Must die.

9.

I know not what fate fares for you on Life's stream and  
For me ;  
But, meantime, methinketh, 'twere better to dream and  
Let be.

15

10.

The cock, long ere daybreak, the coming of morning  
Foresaith ;  
So grief, in the heyday of Life, gives us warning  
Of Death.

11.

You know, so you say, that a God is, in Heaven,  
A Hell :  
But how none in all the four worlds and seas seven  
Can tell.

12.

Since Love of our lives is the flower and quintessence,  
Alas  
That it is in our hearts but as wine's effervescence  
In glass !

13.

If God of my mind is, the little birds' singing  
So clear  
He rather than all the priests' chants and bell-ringing  
Would hear.

14.

Most meat, wine and wede\* only value and thinking  
Despise  
And scorn those, things other than eating and drinking  
Who prize.

[\* Dress]

16

15.

The huckster, the hustler, when forced to live lonely,  
Go mad ;  
But the thinker, the dreamer, in solitude only  
Are glad.

16.

Crowds halve with the follower of Fashion's dictature  
His care ;  
But his joys and his griefs none who's guided by Nature  
May share.\*

[\* That is, the dull follower of Fashion halves his cares by mixing with the crowd. but nobody can share the joys and griefs of the thinker.]

17.

I know not what life is ; I know not what death is ;  
I know  
But this, that I versing, whilst yet in me breath is,  
Must go.

18.

Some bid us still look for a day without sorrow  
To dawn.  
What's yesterday, trow, but fore-yesterday's morrow  
Bygone ?

19.

If justice to render the thinker, the worker,  
You'd try,  
There's nothing for it but the drone and the shirker  
Must die.

17

20.

The pot doesn't clamour to govern the potter :  
Why, then,  
Should canter and cadger and pander and plotter.  
Rule men ?

21.

You'd have me go grab from the folk in the flurry  
My due.  
Nay, rather, alone and unpittanced, I'd worry  
Life through.

22.

To Love old and young, howsoe'er they misdoubt it,  
Must bow.  
We think all the while we can manage without it ;  
But how ?

23.

Ah, would we but know that, beyond all Life's fretting  
And care,  
A region of peace and repose and forgetting  
There were !

24.

When, after Life's turmoil, the grass o'er us thick is  
And smooth,  
Will Touba enough be each soul that life-sick is  
To soothe ?

*Touba*, the Lote-tree of the Limit in Mohammed's Paradise.  
whose fruit brings forgetfulness of life.

18

25.

All prospect of Heaven for the certain assuring  
I'd give  
That ne'er should I, waking from sleep ever-during,  
Relive.

26.

The hope that we cherish, to live on in story,  
Is vain.  
Since Earth's self must perish, how long shall our glory  
Remain ?

27.

The bards bid the sorrower drown his repine in  
The bowl ;  
But music and dreaming more weight have than wine in  
My soul.

28.

When one might a cave in the Caucasus dwell in,  
Apart,  
Why pine among madmen and mummers, with hell in  
One's heart ?

29.

Shy Nature still lures us to live on in sadness  
Nor leave  
This life, that for grief is the holdfast, for gladness  
A sieve.

19

30.

Religion's no matter of God or the Devil ;  
The true  
And only religion is good and not evil  
To do.

Cf.—"Life's whole beauty is in duty done for duty's sake."—  
Payne :—*Songs of Consolation*, p 107.

"What is the great central teaching of your poetry?—The importance of Duty. Duty is my pole star."—  
Wright's *Life of John Payne*, p 147.

31.

Gods make not, to folk lest the fashion of making  
You set :  
Gods break not, lest people the habit of breaking  
Should get.

32.

Youth all must for\* fairest and first of Life's tenses  
Admit :  
But age hath its points, when of passion the senses  
Are quit.

[\* For—as. The meaning is. All must admit that youth is the fairest and first of life's tenses.]

.

33.

There's no thing in life I hold worthy of grieving,  
Save one ;  
And that is Nurse Nature herself and the leaving  
The sun.

20

34.

Religions all fudge are ; but since there's no freeing  
The blind  
Fool folk from their bondage, behoveth the seeing  
Be kind.

This quatrain makes one wonder whether Ibn et Tefrid was acquainted with the famous edict issued in 1825 by the wise Chinese Emperor Taonkwang and beginning: ' All religions are nonsense: but, since the silly people will always believe in ghosts and the future life, we have, of our august wisdom, decreed that all religions shall be tolerated, so long as they do not interfere with the conduct of the State.'

35.

Calamity here on each son of a mother  
Still waits ;  
It hangs o'er his head till he's passed through the other  
World's gates.

36.

No trace of a life after death is that mortal  
Can track :  
None ever to tell us what waits in Death's portal  
Came back.

37.

By us since the Present, our one thing that's certain,  
Flits fast,  
Do good, ere the Present the fall of Death's curtain  
Make Past.



21

38.

When I die and depart for the place whence returning  
Is not,  
May all save my search be for Truth and my yearning  
Forgot !

39.

As wizards the wise, on Life's pages still dwelling,  
We praise,  
If they puzzle out, after a lifetime of spelling,  
One phrase.

40.

Scant charm hath your heaven of nectar and houris  
For me ;  
Since women, as wine, here the prize of the boor is,  
I see.

41.

If *yours* to the wish is of lecher and sot to  
Be traced,  
The Nazarene's Paradise, also, is not to  
My taste.

*Yours*, i.e. the Mohammedan Paradise.

42.

Its psalm-singing elders, its sun never-sinking,  
Unscreened,  
Its harping and trumping, would fright, to my thinking,  
The Fiend.

22

43.

If God have a mind to make sure of my presence  
Up there,  
He must, for my sojourn, another-guess pleaseance  
Prepare.

44.

A man sets himself to the playing and knowing  
The game ;  
But a woman's concern is to keep the ball going,  
Quand même.\*

[\* In any and every case.]

45.

Were Rizwan a woman, of wastrils the Garden  
Full were ;  
No smooth-spoken scamp need of entrance and pardon  
Despair.

*Rizwan*, the gatekeeper of the Mohammedan Paradise. familiarly  
"The Garden."

46.

God woman, when Heaven and Earth He created,  
Forgot :  
And afterthoughts oft by success vindicated  
Are not.

47.

His thought may have, lads in providing with lasses,  
Been kind ;  
But why He should make them so crooked, it passes  
My mind.

48.

Belike he was feared of betraying to Satan  
 The crib  
 And hurried : else sure he'd have waited to straighten  
 The rib.

*The Crib*, i.e. the theft of the rib from Adam. *The Rib*. The Arabs insist upon the crookedness of the rib from which woman was made as accounting for the general "thrawnness" of the sex. [Thrawn=contrary.]

49.

I've dallied with Selma, Zuleikha, and Leila,  
 Shireen,  
 But all light of head and unstable of sail aye  
 Have seen.

50.

A Frank poet\* says, (Was he weary of wooing  
 Of such ?)  
 That woman was fashioned to hinder man doing  
 Too much.

[\* Payne himself, in *Vigil and Vision*, p 88.]

51.

Be that as it may, service under love's banner  
 Of strife  
 I've given up, intending to live my own manner  
 Of life.

52.

Full many a soul the true flag in Life's battle  
 Uprears ;  
 Though drowned in his war cry, alas ! in the rattle  
 Of spears.

24

53.

You fancy God sees what we do and we do not  
And hears :  
If God is a spirit, eyes hath He as you not  
Nor ears.

54.

As Night the obscure is the herald of Morning  
The bright,  
Ah, would that Death's dark were for us the forewar  
Of light !

55.

My heart in the Winter is still ; but Spring's coming  
I dread :  
Life's lusts by the birds' song in me, the bees' humm  
Are bred.

56.

I never can gaze on the meadows new-garnished  
With flowers,  
But tears brim mine eyes, for the happy Time-tarnis  
Old hours.

57.

We're two leggèd oxen, by Time and Fate loaded  
And led :  
We drudge all the day and at dark are Death-goade  
To bed.

25

58.

For price of my freedom, did God to me proffer  
The sky,  
D'ye think I'd a moment give ear to the offer ?  
Not I.

*Freedom, i.e. of thought.*

59.

For rich folk I care not : the poor more of profit  
I find ;  
For Heaven to them forty years earlier the Prophet  
Assigned.

The Traditions of Mohammed relate that he said " O God, raise me up with the host of the poor ! " and being asked for an explanation of his prayer, answered that the poor enter Paradise forty years in advance of other folk.

60.

The moon in the sky hath a nose like a swiller  
Of wine :  
Her tippie is Light and the sun is her filler  
Of shine.

61.

Each other, because of some trumpery notion,  
Why cuff ?  
There's fighting without you in earth and in ocean  
Enough.

62.

Good, whether by saint or by sinner done, still is  
Well done :  
The sun, though he shine upon good or on ill, is  
The sun.

26

63.

With eld, of all passions that have judicature  
O'er youth,  
Abide but the love and the reverence for Nature  
And truth.

64.

As birds the sun follow far into the last of  
The light,  
The soul seeking goes for Life's light in the vast of  
Death's night.

65.

Man's nature the same in Baghdad and Tebriz is  
And Hind ;  
The wind, be it hurrican, zephyr or breeze, is  
The wind.

66.

My fair, were Heaven mine, at the price of abjuring  
Of thee,  
Egad, Heaven might whistle, eternity during,  
For me.

67.

The lovesomest life as a midge in the sun is ;  
A breath  
Of laughter and love till the shining hour done is,  
Then death.

27

68.

Mankind is the cream of Creation, they tell us.  
Why, then,  
Are cat and dog truer to troth and more zealous  
Than men ?

69.

No God who's a spirit for flesh-and-blood troubles  
Might care.  
As well expect Ocean to tender the bubbles  
Of air.

70.

For lack, though, of straw, of our task of brick-making  
We fail,  
Stern Fate still exacts of us, no excuse taking,  
Our tale.

71.

Song is to the soul to the earth what the sun is :  
With flowers  
It hides what undone in this world and misdome is  
Of ours.

72.

Spring shows us how still out of Death Life her daughter  
Is bred :  
The fields with the blood of the slain Winter's slaughter  
Are red.

The allusion is to the wild red tulip, which overruns the plains  
of Persia in Springtime.

73.

Ambitions, loves, hopes are but toys, which diverted  
 Us keep  
 Till the time come by Fortune and Fate foreasserted  
 For sleep.

74.

“At least,” I’ll, when asked what I’ve done and omitted,  
 Reply,  
 “The sin of hypocrisy never committed  
 Have I.”

*When asked, i.e. on the Judgment Day. Hypocrisy is for the Mohammedan the greatest of all sins except that common to Christians and other polytheists. of “ascribing partners to God.”*

75.

You question me why I still season with laughter  
 My life.  
 How else should I bear with our Here and Hereafter  
 Of strife ?

76.

The churl’s to day held the philosopher’s equal  
 In wit.  
 Well, the preface I’ve read and I don’t want the sequel  
 Of it.

77.

“You don’t understand that which nowadays passes,”  
 They cry.  
 No Solomon, versed in the language of asses,  
 Am I.

Solomon is fabled to have understood the speech of beasts.



78.

The nightingale's note, in the Morning's upgetting,  
 Above,  
 Says "Peace !" But its word, when the sun is a-setting,  
 Is " Love !"

79.

The true man's observance is beauty and duty  
 And ruth :  
 He needs not to Mulla to turn or Khelouti  
 For truth.

*Mulla*, doctor of theology. *Khelouti*, solitary, hermit.

.80.

One bird bides and lives in the land of his mother  
 And dies :  
 Another wings up and falls dead under other  
 Far skies.

81.

What matter how, when 'tis or where you unravel  
 Life's thread ?  
 The dead, though life spent they at home or in travel,  
 Are dead.

82.

Shift not upon monk or on Mulla the burden  
 Divine.  
 Thine but the concern is ; the grief and the guerdon  
 Are thine.

83.

If Life after death is, it other than here not  
Will be.

The best we can hope is to slumber and hear not  
Nor see.

84.

Life is as the heavens, which, in distance when we them  
Espy,  
Seem blue, but are black as a coal, when you see them  
Anigh.

85.

A man with his brother, a fair one, will tussle,  
To win ;  
Yet beauty is only a matter of muscle  
And skin.

86.

Ah would that Time back to the days of Firdausi  
The page  
Would turn and deliver our souls from this frowsy  
New age !

87.

This age when the churl and the cheat are the judges  
Of fame  
And ride, whilst the true man the gutter betrudges  
Of shame !

88.

When the mud of the streets doth the blue of the heavens  
 Miscall,  
 When the True is held false and at sixes and sevens  
 Is all!

89.

Our present-day people would barter for money,  
 The swine!  
 Their fathers and mothers and Heaven's milk and honey  
 And wine.

90.

This world will soon be an ape-filled (not a doubt of it!)  
 Den.  
 My one consolation is, I shall be out of it  
 Then.

91.

I'm used to see Musulmans given to bacon  
 And sack:  
 But, when they say, "Fellah" spells "Allah," I'm taken  
 Aback.

*Bacon and sack.* Wine and pork are of course forbidden by the Mohammedan law. *Fellah*, i.e. peasant. churl. The saying is equivalent to our "Vox populi vox Dei."

92.

A speaking ass was for a wonder in olden  
 Days writ;  
 But now, if he speak not, a miracle holden  
 Is it.

32

93.

To seek to reclaim Lust, Spite, Greed, by the forces  
Of Law,  
The stars were to strive with soft speech from their courses  
To draw.'

94.

I'd rather be ruled by a king than a carter  
Of dung :  
At least, he'd be sweeter of smell and not tarter  
Of tongue.

95.

The Snake hath bequeathed to our age the rakehelly\*  
His curse ;  
But doubled ; for we crawl not only on belly  
But purse.

[\* Dissolute]

96.

Our fathers, folks say, sun and stars would kowtow to  
And log :  
But, at least, they were never such beasts as to bow to  
A hog.

I fear that by " hog " Ibn et T. means the sacrosanct canaille,  
as worshipped by modern Liberalism.

97.

If you really to somewhat must flatten your noses  
On Stone,  
It were better and wiser to worship the roses  
New blown.

98.

In vain 'tis yourselves with a fivefold ablution  
 You irk :\*  
 To make the *heart* clean is the task whose solution  
 You shirk.

[\* Annoy, put to trouble.]

Addressed to the pietists. It may be necessary to remind the Western reader that a certain routine of ceremonial ablution is an indispensable preliminary to each of the five daily prayers prescribed by the Mohammedan ritual.

99.

Some think in yon stars all Life's problems unravelled  
 To trace :  
 Yet their light has to us for a million years travelled  
 Through Space.

100.

If you'd drop down in peace along Age's descent with  
 Time's stream,  
 Dream and study to live and to die in content with  
 Your dream.

101.

I answer him, "Life is no dream, but in earnest,"  
 Who saith,  
 "What know'st thou of Life, who to-morrow returnest  
 To Death?"



107.

Our fathers believed in ghosts, demons and witches :  
                                   In purse  
 And belly believe we. I wonder me, which is  
                                   The worse ?

108.

With dulness we best for the tramp of existence  
                                   Were shod :  
 The dunce, in our day of unthinking persistence,  
                                   Is God.

109.

Pray God for forgiveness, whilst yet you are living,  
                                   They cry.  
 Nay, God 'tis that standeth in need of forgiving,  
                                   Say I.

110.

The righteous, by Fortune and Fate foreappointed  
                                   On high,  
 Are here below martyrs, by suff'rance anointed  
                                   To die.

111.

We fancy in youth that the Universe grind we  
                                   Could eath ;\*  
 But, set face to face with the banquet, we find we  
                                   Lack teeth.

[\* Easily.]

112.

I want a new earth and new heavens ; but I doubt it  
   If I,  
 Were God now to say to me, "Come, set about it!"  
   Should try.

113.

The Past we've forgotten ; the Future ignore we,  
   Alack !  
 Yet that both make the Present grows plainer the more we  
   Look back.

114.

When it's time to extinguish thy torch and betake thee  
   To bed,  
 The elements, grain-like, will grind thee and bake thee  
   For bread.

115.

The word of the puzzle (to sum up the matter)  
   Is, while  
 Thou livest, to take what Life lays on thy platter  
   And smile.

116.

With hypocrites house not : with scatterbrains speak not  
   Nor geese :  
 With schemers consort not ; for happiness seek not,  
   But peace.



117.

Ask nought but thy pittance. Fame, wealth, are but bubbles  
Of air.

Let Day for itself its dead bury, its troubles  
And care.

118.

Thus shalt thou, since thou unto Life nothing owest  
But breath,  
Have less to regret, when thou leav'st it and goest  
To death.

119.

Repine not at loss : worth the true man's regretting  
Is nought.  
Look Fate in the face and fare on without fretting  
Of thought.

120.

For know; 'spite all horrors on thee that may heaped be  
Of Life,  
Though all from thy toils and thy hopes that can reaped be  
Is strife :

121.

Whatever the wreak that of Fate may be wroken\*  
On thee,  
Thou yet hast one refuge, to which thou, when broken,  
Mayst flee.

[\* Old past participle of wreak.]

122.

Though all upon which thou reliest forsake thee,  
 Though Day  
 Be as Night to thee grown, let despair not o'ertake thee,  
 But say,

123.

“Fiends of Fate, I, a worm that for death but was born, you  
 Defy :  
 Though you hound me from birth unto death, I can scorn you  
 And die.”

## FINAL.

See, night falleth fast and the light's at an end i'  
 The West.  
 Well, thy pearls thou hast strung. Go to bed, Demawendi,  
 And rest.

*Demawendi*, i.e. native of Demawend, the poet's *tekhellus* or  
 nom-de-plume.

## APPENDIX.

Among the quatrains which appear in the First Edition and not in the Second are the following which have a charm of their own. They were placed between the quatrains which in the Second Edition were re-numbered 107 and 108.

112.

They tell us how Behram and Jemshid reigned, revelled  
 And died :  
 I'm weary of hearing how Death came and levelled  
 Their pride.

Note. *Behram, Jemshid*, ancient, half-fabulous kings of Persia.

113.

I'd rather how Ishtar, the moon-goddess Asian,  
 Hear tell,  
 Her lover delivered from death, by invasion  
 Of Hell ;

114.

How heroes and goddesses, other for other,  
 Tamed death,  
 How Isis, Neith,\* Sita,† won husband and brother  
 New breath.

[\* Egyptian goddesses. † Heroine of the "Ramayana."]

115.

These are to my soul as to children the stories,  
 When read,  
 That quiet them keep till the time come once more is  
 For bed.

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